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Lond. Pub. by W. Sims 1822

THE

TOURNAMENT;

OR,

DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

WITH TWENTY-FOUR ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM SAMS,
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LONDON:
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THE TOURNAMENT

OR,

DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

There are, who lowly airs despise,
Who love on passion's gust to rise,
And, on its raging eddies cast,
Flit like a raven on the blast.
There are, who love the gentle gale,
On which the dove delights to sail,
And skimming o'er the leafy spray
Leave not a sigh unheard to die away.
Like these, in cadence of a simple swain,
When first he sings an old and native strain,
This theme romantic strays,
Nor scorns a just reproof, nor meanly sues for praise.

THE breeze gently kissed the fresh bloom from the thorn,
The mist was dispersed by the glow of the morn;
Sir Ethelbert's castle, across the broad wold,
Reflected the east with the splendour of gold.
The chargers caparisoned, loudly were neighing
And champing the bit, their impatience betraying;
The pennon that held the knight's crest in its fold,
And banners, enriched with his arms, were unrolled;
The band of retainers in hauberks that showed
The marks of distinction on valour bestowed;
The squires in armour, and heralds in state,
Awaited to pass through the portcullissed gate,
All manfully glowing with bosoms as true
As the lances they grasped, or the swords that they drew.

Sir Ethelbert, blithe as the day-spring, arose,
His trust-worthy sword and rich armour he chose;

A lion and lily emblazoned his shield,
The strength of the war, and the pride of the field:
That spoke of his manhood, and this of his youth,
And the motto surrounding was "Honour and Truth."
His high-polished cuirass, with gems was o'erspread,
But its glitter was softened with croslets of red;
His baldric, superbly emblazoned, expressed
But feebly the worth of the bosom it dressed;
His scarf was the gift of the fair Adelaide,
With the tall plume that gracefully waved o'er his head.
All those, the proud honours of warfare could prove,
But these were the ensigns of peace and of love.

Thus equipped, the gallant Knight
Gaily paced his ancient hall;
Shedding from his bosom's light,
Raptures that were felt by all:
So the beams of summer's morn
Flowery hills and vales adorn.

"Valued friends, your smiles I greet!
"Though in glittering arms we meet,
"The trumpet that we hear to-day,
"Calls not to the battle-fray;
"But with sounds of minstrelsy
"Wakes the soul of chivalry."

Thus spake the Knight, then waved his hand,
Drew on his gauntlet—gave the wished command—
When loud the trumpet's brazen throat
Rang to the band the marching note,
And, Echo answering the inspiring sound,
A thousand clattering hoofs assailed the dewy ground.

As the van of the cavalcade moved on its way,
Sir Ethelbert sprang on his curvetting grey,
But far off he saw a pale gleam o'er the plain,
And though no event should the journey detain,
He paused—for a horseman came swift as the gale,
And the sun flickered playfully o'er his bright mail.

2

Lavinia Pitt" by W. Sims 1822

A stout hunter's lance in his right hand he bore,
And a true Spanish blade in his baldric he wore;
While the large and rich jewel that shone on his breast
On none save a warrior's bosom should rest.
'Twas strange! yet the dignified course that he held
The gaze of the wondering vassals repelled.
They marvelled much, a knight to see
Alone, and thus armed cap-à-pee;
Not one before had ever seen,
Though all at tilts had often been,
In Britain's valiant realm,
A knight of more heroic mien—
And oft they strove to look between
The openings of his helm.

The stranger approached and the Knight he addressed
While courtesy flowed in the wish he expressed:
Allured by the blaze of Sir Ethelbert's fame
To witness its splendour a suitor he came,
And much would it add to his sense of delight
Might he join the bold train that attended the Knight.

The wish that the stranger explained was sincere,
He seemed to be brave, with demeanour severe;
Yet dignified manners, with frankness combined,
Evinced he had cultured the blooms of the mind.

Sir Ethelbert's nature to greatness allied,
No manly appeal to his favour denied,
His gauntlet he drew, and the warmth of a friend,
Dispersed the cold forms that entreaty attend.
Together they rode, and with feeling they spoke
On subjects sedate, and they smiled at a joke,
They noticed the beauties of forest and plain,
The crags of the hills, and the far distant main.
The warlike retainers and vassals were free,
No man felt restraint upon innocent glee,
They sang as they travelled along.
The halt was directed, and all were regaled,
The steeds and their riders fresh courage inhaled,
And the singers repeated their song.

" The heart that no kind beauty knows,
" Too like a gloomy vulture grows,
" Or bird of passage seeking rest,
" Or ostrich that disdains a nest;
" But if that heart be lured to love,
" It takes the likeness of a dove,
" And to whatever scenes it roam,
" Will bear a branch of olive home."

Sir Ethelbert looked where the towers appeared,
That held all on earth, he most loved and revered;
The prospect he hailed with a sigh.
Ah! how could he pass, when his warm heart removed
Each reason that cooler reflection approved?
Whilst joy glistened bright in his eye—
He turned to the stranger, and freely explained
The triumph that tender affection had gained;
How feeble the force it assailed!
So gallant the air which the stranger had shown,
So nobly conceived were the thoughts he made known,
That friendly expressions prevailed.

The Knight was rejoiced a companion to find,
To whom his fond tale might be safely consigned—
" Give spur, my companion," Sir Ethelbert said,
" The cavalcade's progress will not be delayed.
" We'll swiftly the band overtake on the road:
" To Gondibert's castle, yon stately abode,
" I go to repeat the fond vows I have made,
" And hear them approved by my fair Adelaide."
The coursers were eager, and pulled on the rein,
Imprinting their hoofs on the turf-covered plain.

The Baron was ready his hand to extend,
And Adelaide welcomed the Knight, and his friend;
Her voice was the melody tutored by love,
Her air was the innocence pictured above,
Her delicate form with an angel's might vie,
Her smile and her grace competition defy:
Her manners were gentle, her taste was refined,
And the precepts of virtue were stamped on her mind.

3

London Pub by W. Sams 1822

4

London Pub. by W. Sams 1811

The stranger had felt the keen darts from her eyes,
And shrunk from her converse with fluttered replies;
But who was unconscious of Adelaide's power?—
They knew not how rapidly flew the soft hour.
She sang of the wars, where her father had led,
With glory had conquered, with honour had bled:
And she warbled the praise of her trust-worthy knight,
Who shielded her father in heat of the fight,
But the sun was descending, unwilling they rose,
They grieved to forego the delightful repose.
The Knight took his leave, to fair Adelaide's sigh,
Returned from his heart an expressive reply;
Yet oft, as he rapidly passed from her view,
He gave the response to her tender Adieu!
And oft, as his faithful heart thrilled with delight,
He looked, till the castle grew dim in his sight.

"Haste, haste," said Sir Ethelbert, "urge on the steed,
"Tho' swift from the charm of existence I speed,
"Yet gay be the hours that bring on the day,
"And calm let the full of this moon pass away;

"How sweetly the hours succeeding will glide,
" For Adelaide then will be Ethelbert's bride.
" I saw thou wert struck by her beauty and grace,
" The stores of her mind, or the charms of her face.
" The Baron, her father, is courtly and kind,
" Both rich in domain, and in wisdom refined;
" His ancestors bravely have fought in the wars,
" Yet bore not his fame, nor distinguishing scars;
" The Crescent has reeled from his lance in the dust,
" He ranks, 'mid the friends of the Lion, the first;
" Esteemed, in a circle of honours he lives,
" Dispensing the pleasures of life he receives.
" A Baron thus noble, his daughter thus sweet,
" 'Tis happiness e'en for a moment to greet."

The stranger owned, without disguise,
The Knight's description just,
While in his heart he felt arise
A thought allied to lust.
Far on the dull and dreary way
In silent mood he rode,

His air appeared no longer gay
  Beneath a mental load.
Sir Ethelbert he oft drew near,
  And met his speaking eye,
As oft withdrew, as if from fear,
  But gave no reason why.
With nostril wide the coursers flew,
  With loosened curb and rein,
The stranger could no theme renew,
  Or would not speak again.

  At length Sir Ethelbert the silence broke,
And with his usual feeling spoke.—
" Yon streaks that in the welkin fly,
" Tinged with the lustre of the sky,
" In tender bands uniting rove,
" Are types of friendship, truth, and love ;
" So o'er our passing moments gay
" Let beams of kind agreement play,
" Touched by that heart-concurring glow
" Which none but honest worth can know.

" Soft glide upon the evening gale
" The forms that midnight gusts assail,
" But whirled aloft, or lowly driven,
" They still preserve the hue of heaven.
" So on our life's eventful hours,
" The sunbeam sports, or tempest lowers.
" Touched by delights, or struck with wo,
" Our hearts with truth and peace should glow."

The vapours exhaled from the low swampy ground,
And streamed thro' the vale to the mountains around;
The trees in the hollow blast mournfully played,
The bat to its dreary retreat shrunk afraid;
The stag to the thick of the brown forest fled,
The torrent low murmured along its rough bed;
The gust drove the leaves from the shelterless spray,
And gloom overcast the decline of the day;
The thorn and the brier were chafed in the glade,
The dank grass was lashed by the beech in the shade,
The screech-owl, affrighted, forsook its abode,
And eve dimly shrouded the perilous road.

5

London Pub by W. Sams 1822

" My friend," said the Knight, "let me hear thee complain,
" I fear thou dost bear in cold silence a pain;
" Am I the sad cause?—all thy feelings express,—
" By soothing thy sorrows my fault shall seem less."
The rough northern gale, with a vapoury chill,
Blew loud thro' the glades of the oak-covered hill,
The branches harsh creaked to its deepening tone,
And the sturdy trunks bent to its rage with a groan;
The dark clouds, that rolled o'er the broad craggy height,
Obscured the bleak towering peaks from their sight;
The thunder hoarse rumbled, or burst over-head,
And roused all the horrors that slept with the dead;
The steed snorted loud, wildly glaring around,
He panted, and plunged, as disdaining the ground;
In vain was he fondled, in vain was he curbed,
The blaze in his path had his temper disturbed.
The Knight was distressed, and expressed a desire
To wait till the roar of the storm should expire;
He gazed, as the flashes came bright from the sky,
He called,—but received not a word in reply.

" Ah, wherefore thus mute is the voice of my friend,
" What dismal event shall this journey attend?
" Too plain on the road did his pensiveness shew
" A spirit o'ercome by presages of wo;
" I see not his cuirass reflect the blue fire,
" I hear not the tramp of his steed drawing nigher."
Distressed to remain, or to search for relief,
The forest resounded the cause of his grief;
Oppressed by sad thought, and subdued by its pain,
Unconscious he rode through the fast-falling rain;
The plume from his casque by the tempest was flung,
The hail thro' the trees on his bright armour rung,
The blast-loving raven croaked harsh on its flight,
And the wolf-dog was howling aloud from affright.

The gloomy storm, and howling gust
In sullen murmurs passed,—
A silvery beam from æther burst,
And on a hut was cast.
The Knight with pleasure hailed the view,
Relieved from dark despair,

6

London Pub. by W. Sams 1820

And hoped, as near the hut he drew,
To find his friend was there.
" An absent friend's mischance I grieve,"
He said, and struck the door;
" Assist, and thou shalt gold receive;
" Hast seen a knight since yester-eve,
" In forest, or on moor?"
A hind, with horrid look, and bold,
Came muttering from the cot:
" I prowl no forest, glade nor wold,
" I like not storm, nor wet, nor cold,
" And therefore—I have not."

The Knight felt the hope he had cherished was vain,
His eyes on the earth, in dejection were turned,
He pressed his cold cuirass, and inwardly mourned,
His baldric was gemmed, which the Hind, with a leer,
Observing, made offer of aid and good cheer,
And sprang to Sir Ethelbert's rein.
" 'Twas sad," he remarked, " to be lost on the road,
" In forest so distant from friendly abode,

" When absent the heart-cheering day.
" Your courser I'll tether, some fodder supply,
" The girths I will loosen, the trappings untie!"
Then seeming to heave for misfortune a sigh,
He cast on the jewel his dark scowling eye,
And stalked from the cottage away.
The hearth held a glow, which a kind-hearted wife
Increased, like the warmth in her breast;
She brought him her homely enjoyments of life,
He ate, and requested to rest.
His helmet he doffed, and she saw in his face
Grief, mingled with manly expression and grace,
But none have exemption from woes.
His scarf she suspended, the cold drops to drain,
She wiped from his armour each dark splashy stain,
And she brought him a couch for repose.

High swelled his heart at pity's voice,
'Twas as a ray of bliss renewed,
Whose thrill could bid his pulse rejoice,
And lead his thought to gratitude.

7

London Pub by W Sams 1822

" Thou art to happiness allied,
" For thou art frank and kind,
" And thou hast comfort on thy side,
" To aid thy feeling mind."
" Bless thee, Sir Knight, 'tis mild content
" That lulls my griefs to rest,
" And 'tis a balm in mercy sent
" To heal the wounded breast.
" Yet when the lonely hours are mine,
" Some ray of cheering hope is sought,
" And if the distant kindness shine,
" It brightens every kindred thought.
" Too oft I view the trembling beam
" Before my anxious gaze retire,
" In hovering mists more feebly gleam,
" And in surrounding glooms expire."
" Yet thou art wise," the Knight replied,
" To triumph o'er thy present ill;
" And future hope is ne'er denied
" To those who well their stations fill."

Her thanks she low curtsied—repeated her prayer,
And again he acknowledged her kindness and care.
He glowed like his cuirass, reflecting the fire,
" Good night!"—the wife blessed him, he saw her retire.

Exhausted in body, and weary in mind,
He pressed the low couch, and to sleep felt inclined;
But thought, while his eye roved unconscious about,
And the flickering blaze was now in and now out,
That the wall and the threshold were sprinkled with gore,
When a monk, cowled and muffled, appeared at the door!
Was this but a vision to weakness addressed,
Or caused by the weight that his eye-lids oppressed?
He listened, nought stirred, and the crimson-toned light
That flashed from the fagot, had mixed with the night;
But the pause was delusive, and brief was the space,
When busy surmise to conviction gave place.

The lattice creaked harsh o'er his head,
From the pallet, astonished, he fled—

8

London Pub.d by W. Sams 1822

All was still, save the whispering breeze
That played on the neighbouring trees.
  Unconscious his falchion he drew—
Again the muffled form appeared ;
With savage force a lance it reared,
  And pierced the pallet through !
" Thus be the hated current stayed,
" That glowed for lovely Adelaide,"
The grim assassin hoarsely said

  Sir Ethelbert, above the thought
  By gloomy superstition taught,
    Had seized his trusty brand,
  Revolting at the threatened doom,
  And scorning an ignoble tomb
    By an assassin's hand.

His swelling heart he scarce controlled,
While rude the storm around him rolled.
So heaves the bark along the shore,
On which the frightful breakers roar,

When mountain-waves uplift the prow,
Or steep it in the depths below;
While surges still before it rise,
Hoarse thunder roars, and forked lightning flies!
A steady course alone can save
The struggling vessel from the yawning grave.

Sir Ethelbert, with valiant mien,
From out the cottage sped,
But in the silence of the scene
The dark assassin fled.

The moon was full-orbed—in her silvery beam
The forest appeared like a glittering stream;
More soft in the distance the mountains arose,
And the landscape was steeped in a dewy repose.
When sad upon his prospect burst
The ruin of a deed accurst!
Not when upon his aching sight
Darted the vivid flash of light,

9

London Pub. by W. Sams. 1822

Nor when he bore the tempest's hour,
That baffled all the steersman's power,
Nor when he felt the scorching blast
Along the sands of Asia cast,
Nor when the Moslem host he viewed
That toil on toil in arms renewed,
So much the feeling Knight distressed,
So much upon his full heart pressed ;
For slaughtered on the flinty ground,
Still writhing from a heart-touched wound,
His generous courser bleeding lay,
And the wolf-dog lapped the stream away.
The Knight stood aghast ! then nearer he drew,
And mourned as he looked on the horrible view.

" My steed truly noble, the best of thy day,
" No more in the chase, nor in tournament gay,
" Rich trappings shall deck thee ; farewell to thy pride
" In passing the fleetest that strove by thy side!
" No more shalt thou snort at the trumpet's shrill bray,
" No more for thy master expectant shalt neigh !

" O Jesu ;" he cried, as he turned from the spot,
" This night from my memory gladly I'd blot !"
But gloomy reflections, presaging of woes
More dark, as he paced to the forest, arose ;
The groan of one dying, then burst on his ear;
He started—the brave are unconscious of fear.
A gush of compassion arose with the pause,
And urged him to search for the heart-rending cause.
All bleeding and pale, the damp earth for his bed,
With a moss-covered beech-root supporting his head,
A Monk, sorely wounded, in agony lay,
While the deep purple tide was fast ebbing away.
" Alas, holy father ! too late art thou found;
" What monster hath stricken thee thus to the ground ?"
" —Some mortal, more fierce than a wolf on his prowl,
" Bereaved me of rosary, habit, and cowl"—
A voice faintly uttered, in tremulous breath,
And " life," would have said, but was silenc'd by death.

" 'Tis past," said the Knight, nor the murderer's steel,
" Nor wrongs of the wicked again shalt thou feel ;"

12

London Pub by W. Sams 1822

Such thoughts but enfeebled his heart.
Far into the forest he paced in dismay,
Tho' Pity invited a mournful delay,
'T was Caution that bade him depart.

So rapid his course thro' the forest he wound,
The road, on the heath-covered upland, he found,
And heard on the bloom-scented gale,
The clattering tramp of a long cavalcade,
The hum by a tumult of cheerfulness made,
The clank of the armour and mail.
They halted to hear the disconsolate tale,
Then cast a fierce glance o'er the blood-reeking vale,
And scowled on the forest with dread;
But they felt for Sir Ethelbert's care-wearied mind,
And friendly the best of their coursers resigned;
He thanked them and forward he sped.

Sir Ethelbert thought of his own noble steed,
That e'er was ambitious to proffer his speed,

Alike on the hill or the plain.
Tho' kindness, like sunshine, its soft ray had cast,
Yet back rolled the gloom of the danger he'd past,
He shrunk and he shuddered again.
For chill was the thought, that some horrible blow
Had caused from his friend the life-current to flow,
Or, that wounded, in anguish he pined.
He firmly resolved that o'er forest and glade,
His vassals should search the recess of each shade,
And leave not a doubt on the mind.

Bright the morning poured its ray
O'er the vapoury streak of grey;
Swift the eagle reached the cloud,
Soaring larks were sweet and loud;
The castle far, with yellow hue,
Glistened 'mid the mass of blue,
And the battlements arrayed,
All the donjon's pride displayed.
Down the crag and through the dale,
Streamers wantoned on the gale,

11

London Pub.d by W Soms 1821.

Winding o'er the mountain's height,
Cavalcades enriched the sight:
Hill and vale in blithe array,
Hailed the splendour of the day,
Softly o'er the distant green,
Many a joyous group were seen,
While along the nearer plain,
Slowly moved a gorgeous train.
Barons in their polish'd arms,
Ladies brighter in their charms;
Martial pomp and lordly graces,
Beauteous forms and lovely faces;
Charger's fire, and palfrey's pride,
Slowly winding side by side;
Helm and cuirass, lance and spear
Glistened in the front and rear;
Bannerols and pennons gay,
Fluttered in the golden ray.
Bugles shrill, and trumpet's call,
Loud resounded from the wall;

Knight and Squire in valour tried,
Lofty in chivalric pride;
Brave retainers, nobly taught
'Neath the brave for whom they fought;
Vassals bold, with warlike rattle,
Spread the clang of coming battle.
And hark! the song along the vale
Swells upon the perfumed gale.
Many a harp in minstrel lay,
Attend the jocund hours to-day.
Sounds that give the lists delight,
Chords that animate the fight,
Tones that in the breast can raise
Thoughts of glory, thirst of praise,
Melodies that softly steal
O'er the hearts that love can feel.

The heralds were ready, the Knights were in arms,
And soft were the blushes, and sweet were the charms
Of beauties surrounding the lists, to approve
The skill of the Knights, and reward them with love.

Far round the lists, on either side,
Rode the Knights in pomp and pride,
  In armour richly decked,
Their swords loud clattered on the thigh,
Their helmets glistened in each eye,
  With gold and jewels specked.

What pageant with the scene could vie?
High waved the plumes of crimson dye,
  'Mid those like drifting snow,
The sober purple, lively green,
And all the hues that intervene
  In nature's splendid bow.
With sparkling eye, and nostril wide,
With tail that lashed the glossy side,
  And pride-erected mane,
The chargers curvetted around,
They sniffed the air, and struck the ground,
  Impatient of the rein.
Joy bounded in each noble breast,
  And felt its wish delayed,

No throbbing pulse, no eye expressed
One heart that felt afraid.

A thousand anxious bosoms hailed the scene,
That hoped, or feared, or fluttering sighed between.
" And why is Sir Ethelbert absent?" said they,
" His band of retainers are here in array,
" With his banner, the dread of the cruel and vain,
" Which ne'er in the war nor the lists had a stain.
" His lance that had oft, on the Palestine shore,
" Drank deep of the Turks' and the Saracens' gore;
" His shield that was scored in the death-gleaming fight,
" Yet ever sustained on the arm of the Knight,
" All motionless now at the Tourney appear;
" Ah, why is not gallant Sir Ethelbert here?
" Could Gondibert's wishes occasion delay,
" Could Adelaide call from the Tourney away?

But see, Sir Ethelbert advance
Swift as well-directed lance;

10

London Pub by W Sams 1822

See retainers crowd around,
Hark, the vassals' shouts resound.
Who can tell the joy received?
Who can tell the care relieved?
Yet they asked, or seemed to say,
Where's the stranger, where's the grey?

" Oh haste," said the Knight, " you, my followers true,
" Far over yon hills that expand on the view,
" Where the moss-covered crag on the dark forest scowls,
" And the wolf-dog from out of the riven oak howls,
" There seek ye; among the dark rushes and heath
" My friend may lie wounded, or prostrate in death;
" Then seize on the Hind at the desolate shed,
" Near which my grey courser lies mangled and dead;
" And homeward the knight with the peasants convey,
" Yet tenderly bear the kind housewife away.
" Speed you well," said the knight, " on the arduous
" quest;—
" And now let my thoughts to the court be addressed,

" If this throbbing heart can to joy be resigned,
" With horror so strongly impressed on my mind."

Hark, the clarion blast is loud,
See the spirit-stirring crowd,
Canopies with gold bespecked,
Waving banners gaily decked,
Lofty plumes of dazzling white,
Pure as clouds on azure bright,
Splendid gems, that glittering shew
Countless rival stars below;
Seat o'er seat in lengthened line,
Blushing cheeks, and eyes divine,
What can add an air or grace,
To beauty's form, to beauty's face
Beaming on the ravished eye?
Splendour can no more supply.
Accomplished Knights their pride declare,
In one approving smile to share.
Feats that grace chivalric pages,
Deeds that charm admiring ages,

Rouse the warmth of martial fire
In the boldest Baron higher.
To the trumpet's warlike sound
Hearts in panoply rebound,
E'en in breasts that rival snow
Love of glory seems to glow—
Hark! again the clarion din—
Heralds bid the fight begin.
" Now, heroes, stand forth, and contend for the prize,
" In deeds to be witnessed by brightest of eyes."

Sir Ethelbert heard, and his gauntlet was flung,
By chance on the shield of a rival it rung,
Whose spirit was high, and whose love was a duty
In kindred devotion to glory and beauty:
A splendid device on his target he bore,
A rock in the clash of the element's roar,
The strength of his heart in the conflict it told,
And his motto was *Courage*, emblazoned with gold.
Enough, with a bound to the lists they repaired,
And each for the honour of knighthood declared.

Ethelbert in battle tried,
Harboured neither hate nor pride:
While his rival vainly glowed,
And a lip of scorn he shewed:
Boasting as his steed he reined
How the shocks he had sustained,
Snatched his massive lance; the while
Ethelbert with placid smile,
Casting round a friendly glance,
Graceful poised his trusty lance.

Their steeds with equal ardour burned,
And snorting, pawed the earth they spurned.
Scarfs and plumes in motion showed,
Where the Knights opponent rode,
On either side rolled back a train,
Like Arabia's parting main,
Till the opening space was large,
Mighty, as the coming charge.
A solemn pause.—The trumpets blew,
The pennons all expectant flew,

The Knights with bold demeanour, bland,
To distant beauties kissed the hand ;
While all the lists were mute :
Their lances in the rests arranged,
The forms of combat interchanged
And gave the last salute.
Each eye was on fire,
With earnest desire,
Not a breath, nor a whisper was heard,
Nor was there a breast
From emotion at rest,
With vigour the chargers were spurred.
They seemed as two rocks by tempestuous might
Confronting, removed from their mountainous height
In thunders that frightened the scene,
Increasing in force, with impetuous bound,
They shook the rough crags, and they tore up the ground
As they rushed on the valley between.
They met—the Knights were adverse driven,
So fierce the mutual shock was given,

Their sturdy oak lances flew splintered around,
But Ethelbert's rival was hurled to the ground,

So when two hostile ships engage,
Amid the ocean's boiling rage,
On with the waves tremendous rush,
Each other's dauntless prow they crush;
From the fierce blow, superior skill,
Mounts on the heaving billow still,
And sees o'erwhelmed, the vaunting foe,
A ruin in the wave below.
The brazen trump gave out
A loud victorious strain,
The people joined a lusty shout,
And Echo told it to the distant plain.
While feelings that spring from the heart,
Which glances and smiles can impart,
In ecstasy greeted the Knight.
But where were the eyes he approved?
The smile that he ardently loved?
The tongue that could give him delight?

13

London Pub.d by W. Sims 1822

He mournfully leaned on the hilt of his sword,
He started, and sighed, but he spake not a word.
The white fleecy cloud in the azure was high,
As the lofty expression that rolled in each eye,
And beauty, that shone on the martial array,
Was rich as the beam that enlivened the day.
Sir Ethelbert felt not the force of their charms,
He heard not the praise of his prowess in arms;
He gazed, but he saw not—his soul was engaged
With thoughts that no pleasures around him assuaged;
For Adelaide came not—four courses were run;
'Twas noon, and she came not—'twas set of the sun,
Yet Adelaide came not;—Ah, why has she stayed?
The thought gave an impulse that would be obeyed.
His bosom, that once like a smooth gliding stream,
Reflected the tone of each heavenly beam
In mildness of love's purest day;
Now rough as the sea in a tempest it grew,
It heaved as the gust of the hurricane blew,
And rolled in the turbulent spray.

The clang of the trumpet, the clash of the spears,
The shouts of the multitude palled on his ears,
He turned from the noisy array;
He bowed to the court, pressed the spur to his steed,
And two bold retainers attended the speed
That bore him from Tourney away.

The broad-chested coursers with eagerness sprang,
Their hoofs on the flint of the chalky hill rang,
Deep scoring the road as they passed;
They clattered along the rough crag in the glade,
And rushed, like the wind thro' the forest's dull shade,
They sped on their journey so fast.

The warm streak of evening sunk in the sky,
The hum of the beetle passed mournfully by,
The vapours arose on the gale;
The glow-worm was light, and the eve-star was gay,
And the moon glistened bright on the dew-covered way,
As they sped over mountain and vale.

That morn, at Gondibert's command,
  In pomp and martial show,
To join the Knights', the Baron's band,
  To Tournament should go.
The smile that tells the heart's delight
  Was seen in every face,
The pages tripped with air more dight,
  The maids with sweeter grace.
And all the gay retainers sat,
  The guards and bowmen too,
Beguiling time in social chat
  On wondrous things they knew.
Of Cyprus' wines, of Scylla's rock,
  Of fierce Charybdis' waves,
Of earthquakes, that the cities shock,
  Where fiery Etna raves.
They spake of scenes in Holy-Land,
  Of shrines all gems and gold,
Of battles with the Moslem band,
  That made the blood run cold;

When in the conflict, side by side,
  The Knight and Baron fought,
And Saladin's barbaric pride
  Humility was taught.
Of home and Ethelbert they spake,
  And Adelaide the fair,
And blissful unions Heaven could make,
  For love and truth to share.
But hark! what murmur fills the keep?
  What sorrow wounds the air?
Why do the gentle damsels weep?
  Why rush the pages there?
" Seek, seek ye far on every side,"
  The faithful warden said;
" And stay the wrongs that may betide
  " The absent Adelaide.
" Oh, she was Nature's sweetest flower,
  " Of summer's purest ray!
" Could there exist a stormy power
  " To tear such bloom away!

14.

London Pub. by W. Sams. 1822

" Good Alan, all her truth attest,
" Thy supplications make—
" The gallant Knight, who loved her best
" His noble heart will break."
The vassals searched, the lancers sought
The country far and near ;
The day nor hope nor comfort brought,
And eve increased their fear.

The pangs of the grief-lengthened hour they knew,
While frequent they looked from the keep ;
The night-wind was chill, and the shrieking owl flew,
And the wolf-dog was prowling the steep.

Affliction had kept the good warden up late,
The lancers, in sorrow, stood mute at the gate,
And the bowmen were sad in the hall ;
When lo ! at the castle, in mid of the night,
Astonished they witnessed three horsemen alight,
And answered Sir Ethelbert's call.

The Knight for his Adelaide asked with a sigh,
And gazed on the heart-rending tear in reply;
What tumult distracted his breast!
While swiftly the donjon he ardently traced,
Then slowly the towers dejected he paced,
And calm resignation expressed.

"Is Adelaide dead?" "Ah, Sir Knight, she has flown,
"To yon holy father the secret is known;
"But he is reserved and severe:
"And see where he comes, what alarm in his mien,
"As if some defunct from the tomb he had seen;
"Yet what have the pious to fear?"
Sir Ethelbert seized on the hand of the friar:
"Oh yield what my peace and affection require;
"The warm tide of manhood that flows in thy veins
"Can bear to thy heart all my bosom sustains.
"Thou know'st, holy Alan, my hope's brightest day
"Is dark in the absence of Adelaide's ray;—
"If thou hast the light that can cheer my sad heart,
"In pity some kind information impart."

15

Lowndes Pub. Sept. Nov. 1827

The stern look of awe, and the sanctified mien,
That priestcraft ordains to be outwardly seen,
Sat grim on the Monk, and betokened the air
A tyrant assumes at a captive's despair.
" Be shrived," said he, " quickly, and take the relief
" That Heaven extends to thy sins, not thy grief,
" Awake thee, proud Knight, from the dream of thy soul,
" The waters of mourning shall over thee roll.
" Presume not thy sword these events may oppose,
" Nor hope thy gay cuirass can shield thee from woes."
" Thy chide," said Sir Ethelbert, " sorely I feel,
" But thou hast the balm that my anguish can heal;
" Then let thy compassion extend to my grief,
" 'Tis God-like to yield the torn bosom relief.
" Oh, Father, be quick, let thy friendship be shewn!"
He scowled on the Knight, and replied in a moan—
" She fled, and the Baron in quest has pursued—
" The strong in the pride of their hearts are subdued."
" Rebukes," said the Knight, " are untimely bestowed,
" But point out to Adelaide's rescue the road;

" If feelings benign to thy calling belong,
" Disclose the dread secret, the cause of my wrong.
" Oh, hint not the maiden was false to my heart,
" She would not, she could not, from virtue depart;
" Nor hint that the fountain of good, or of ill,
" Shall flow or be stayed by monastical will."
The Monk's shadowed eye-balls were glanced on one side,
But he could not his rage from Sir Ethelbert hide.
" I see thou art moved, and thy features convulsed,
" Declare my request is unkindly repulsed;
" Then point me the man, who presumes to the maid,
" His corse or my own in the dust shall be laid."
The Monk's bosom heaved with emotions so strong,
Unconscious he broke his stout rosary's thong!
" Ha! wherefore, a half-hidden dagger I see?"
" For thee," said the Monk, " base presumer, for thee!"
The point was evaded, a blow from the Knight
Disarmed the assassin, he shrieked with affright,
And swiftly retreated, the dark aisles among;—
The guards were alarmed, and the watch-bell was rung.

16

London Pub.d by W. Sams 1822.

But what could dispel the distress of the Knight?
The orb of his hope was eclipsed to his sight;
What mortal could promise relief?
The charm of expectance no longer had power
To lighten the load, or illumine the hour,
Where all was devoted to grief.

In vain, thought the Knight, is the pageant array,
More vain is the homage a kingdom might pay,
If nought of affection they prove—
How poor are the honours by riches supplied,
How cold are the triumphs with glory allied—
The charm of existence is love!

Then how could his bosom be taught to despise
The anguish that o'er his reflection would rise,
When all the past scenes he reviewed?
Tho' not from the summit of courage to stoop,
The reason may bend, and the vigour may droop,
By grief and exertion subdued.

Pale morn on the landscape was still,
The bold craggy summit was gay,
And dews trickled fast from the hill,
In tear-drops to welcome the day;
For nature benignant will smile,
And offer each bosom a joy;
Tho' man may the blessing revile,
Or mingle its worth with alloy.
See! see! where a maiden is borne,
Sir Ethelbert looked on the view,
His sword from its scabbard was torn,
As down to the portal he flew.
He leaped on his courser and passed
As a dart from the battlement cast,
While flashed the hot sparks from the hoof of his steed,
The crag was descended, and crossed was the mead.

"Thou coward and villain united, *I* call,
"And if thou art neither, let Ethelbert fall!"
"Take back those reproaches, let Ethelbert know,
"This arm shall chastise its vain, insolent foe."

17

London, Pub.d by W. Sams, St.

" Come on," each repeated, like lions enraged
To madness, a war of destruction they waged;
Their hilts were grasped firmer, their pulses beat higher,
Their bosoms were bursting, their eyeballs on fire ;
Their falchions were hacked, and the sparks flew around,
Their helmets and cuirasses rang with the sound,
The fugitive's plume and his vizor were crashed—
Beneath its gay surface his forehead was gashed,
His sword flew aloft as he reeled with the pain
And nerveless he sunk, with a yell, on the plain.

Sir Ethelbert sprang to his Adelaide's aid,
As near him subdued by her terrors she laid,
  She sighed with a pang of despair,
She gazed, and her bosom beat high with alarms,
She wept, altho' tenderly pressed in his arms,
  Tho' purest affection was there.
For stupor in darkness her senses confined,
Till Memory rushed with its truth on her mind
  In sweetest confessions of love,

Joy flew to her lips, as disdaining to hide
What Virtue to Honour might safely confide,
And Heaven as firmly approve.

The bugle was shrill from the keep,
Retainers attended the call;
The bowmen descended the steep,
And vassals came down from the hall.
Fair Adelaide, led by her trust-worthy knight,
Returned to the castle 'mid sounds of delight,
The Baron they met on the way;
The bards in their praises melodiously sung,
The walls of the castle re-echoing rung
As the vassals repeated the lay.

The vanquished on the gory ground,
Uttered a faint and mournful sound,
The gleaming blade begrimed with gore,
And bloody lance he grasped no more;
But on his quivering lid a flashing light
Glared like a meteor in a stormy night!

18

London Pub.d by W. Sams 1[illegible]

His bursting brain, in dizzy round,
Whirled hideous o'er the dark profound,
While flitted in his startled ken
The ghastly shades of murdered men;
Appalling scenes of vicious times!
Embodied forms of deadly crimes:
The poisoned cup that hatred sends
Disguised, to unsuspecting friends;
The lance, from envy, buried deep
In honest hearts that calmly sleep—
His conscious soul, alarmed, in awful dread,
Along the verge of fierce distraction fled,
Where shrieking Agony, and howling Wo,
Told the wild horrors of the depths below.
From the dark chaos, in a pallid light,
A lonely spectre gleamed upon his sight,
The purple stream that gushed its tunic through,
Its placid features, and its form he knew!
Terrific object! that the nerves astound!
His nails, convulsive, tore the rocky ground,

While Nature strove his wounded strength to heal,
His conscience taught each waking sense to feel,
And the hot flood of baleful passion foiled,
Back in a deluge on its source recoiled.
Bathed in the briny stream and purple tide,
Steeped in the raging seas that ne'er subside,
He felt the storm of terror deepening roll
And sable glooms o'erwhelmed his darker soul.
So when rebellion, with its daring brand,
Impetuous rushes on the sceptred hand,
The gory ensign waves with maddening ire,
Till Order, Law, and Liberty expire.
The lancers approached with expressions aghast,
They looked on the present, and thought on the past,
The helm they gently raised to view
The wound—and saw a face they knew!
The drop from his brow trickled chilly as death
And rage was depicted, tho' gasping for breath.
A hectic flush o'erspread his cheek
As gleams the sun on frozen peak,

19

London Pub.d by W. Sams 13.22

Ere with the night a whirling blast
Around its fearful brow is cast.
The vassals ne'er his pride revered,
And now reproved what late they feared,
The lancers too with taunts implied,
' 'Twere better if the wretch had died,
' Than vainly think the lion skin
' Would hide the serpent core within.'
With gnashing teeth and ghastly smile,
With brow that curved and ached the while,
In mingled scorn and lofty pride,
That from itself defeat would hide ;
" Slaves!" cried the bleeding man, " avaunt!
" Your aid is hateful as your taunt—"
" And thou," the simple group returned,
As with an honest warmth they burned,
" Thou may'st our homely gaze defy,
" May dare the injured Baron's eye ;
" But there remains an awful glance,
" To wake thee from thy haughty trance!

" We dare not place thee with the curst,
" But think thou art of men the worst."
" Yet art thou Alan! who we thought
" Would practise all thy missal taught!
" Well may'st thou groan, and hide those eyes
" That dread to look toward the skies."
They said, and to the bugle's call,
Bore him indignant to the hall.
Where Ethelbert, in friendly peace,
Felt the rough storm of anguish cease,
The awful tempest of the hour,
That raged with wild demoniac power,
Seemed as a dream, when wakeful day,
Has chased the fearful shades away:
His bosom re-assumed a state,
That showed it meek, and stamped it great.
To Adelaide what sweet relief
From terrifying scenes of grief!
As when a dove in evening's hour,
Sits tranquil in her leafy bower;

Some gory hawk, with pinions rude,
Bursts on her pensive solitude;
But the loud thunder of the skies
The spoiler's cruel aim defies,
And safe from peril wings the dove,
Like Adelaide to peace and love.

Far round the scene one gay parterre
Of splendid bloom and fragrance rare,
  The eye enraptured greets,
Amid the bright enchantment glows
In beauty's blush, a lovely rose,
  The empress of the sweets.

And see! yon stately tree arise,
Sweeping the azure vaulted skies!
  It yields a grateful shade,
Or nobly stems the thundering wave,
That oak is Ethelbert the brave,
  That rose is Adelaide.

Hark! the bards with tuneful string,
Teach the listening walls to sing!

"Peaceful hangs the shield and blade
"In trophies on the walls displayed;
"Angry gusts have ceased to roar,
"Sounds of grief are heard no more.
"Strike the harp and let the song
"Choral strains of peace prolong.
"Music claims the joyous hour,
"Beauty aids with witching power,
"Both with bliss-imparting voice
"Bid the grateful heart rejoice.
"Strike the harp, and let the song
"Ardent strains of love prolong."

The sun-beam was cast on the green level plain,
And the cloud-shadows gave it the hues of the main,
When softly the billows are rolled;
The banners and pennons that waved on the gale,
Appeared like a squadron of many a sail,
Bespangled with jewels and gold.

20

London Pub.d by W. Sams 1822

And see! it advances, a glittering throng!
The palfry and charger sweep stately along,
The bowmen and lancers in rear.
Fair ladies escorted by barons and knights,
A splendid procession that fancy delights,
Is coming from Tournament here.

How soft is the minstrelsy strain
As winding along on the plain,
How sweetly it swells on the wind
Till bold, as with grandeur elate,
It rushes in pomp at the gate,
Sublimely exalting the mind.

And see where the fair-ones alight!
Preferring to walk up the height,
The steep craggy path they surveyed,
But hushed into smiles their alarms;
While the Knights who protected their charms
Affection and feeling displayed.

And why do the nobles attend?
Respect for the Baron their friend.
The ladies and damsels of wealth,
With Knight and Esquire, came eager to show
Their tender condolence with Adelaide's wo,
Their joy in Sir Ethelbert's health.
And Gondibert spoke, with a glistening eye,
That bade e'en the thought of past misery fly;
So rich by its bliss was his bosom endowed,
He spread its enjoyments among the gay crowd.
With true British feelings he welcomed them all,
Then summoned to council, and led to the hall.

The court held the lovely, the just, and the bold,
Solemnity sat on each face,
And Truth stood observant on all that was told,
And Justice recorded the case.
Bring forward the wretch, nor of conscience in awe,
Nor feeling restriction from moral nor law,
The precepts of heaven defying,

Who, as the Confessor of Gondibert, knew
The daughter was pure as the parent was true,
And both on his honour relying.
By passion impelled, by ingratitude led,
To mangle the hearts from whose kindness he fed
And trample his faith in the dust.
Then quickly proceed the dark crimes to relate—
May the mercy he hated attend on his fate!
Yet deal him a punishment just.

Fair Adelaide's beauty his bosom had fired;
He knew, as a Monk, that he vainly desired;
But conquest of self he despised.
He saw that the noble Sir Ethelbert's bliss
Gave joy to each heart in the castle, save his,
But sanctity envy disguised.

In arms to the Knight's friendly towers he hied
To seek how his treacherous blade could be dyed,
He followed to Gondibert's hall;

By numbers his half-hidden features were seen,
But he bore no resemblance to what he had been,
Unknown was his person to all.

How oft in the storm, on the hill, or the heath,
His dagger was silently drawn from its sheath,
By rage of a demon impelled—
Yet terror o'erpowered his nerve, or the time
Ne'er suited his dark perpetration of crime—
And still was destruction withheld.

The Knight's mournful path to the hovel he saw,
He grinned as he witnessed the housewife withdraw,
On feeling secure of his prey;
Like lightning his lance sought the chest of the steed—
A Monk with severity censured the deed,
Who chanced to be passing that way.
Remorseless, the point from the charger he drew,
And swift on his holy rebuker he flew,
And robbed him, while bleeding he lay.

21.

London Pub^d by W. Sams 1972

The tunic and cowl fitly offered disguise,
And hid the reflex on his arms from the skies ;—
The moon on the landscape was bright ;
Then, mean as a fox, he the hovel surveyed,
Of open contention with valour afraid,
When searching for blood in the night,
His lance with such cowardly vengeance was thrown
He trusted Sir Ethelbert's spirit had flown,
And Adelaide his in despite.

To Gondibert's castle he speedily flew,
There safe in the aisles and the cloisters he knew,
His gloomy intentions, matured ;
By arts in the suit of the vicious retained,
Fair Adelaide's peaceful seclusion he gained,
And all interruption secured.

The savage intruder her spaniel defied,
But instantly fell by his mistress's side ;
" Is Ethelbert near me ?" she said ;

The bloom fled her cheek, and her bosom beat high,
And the big drop of agony fell from her eye;
He answered, "Sir Ethelbert's dead!
"Subdue thy emotion, and silence thy fears,
"In vain is resistance, and useless are tears,
"And all unavailing thy pride.
"Fair maiden, to me be thy beauties resigned,
"In me seek the hope of repose to thy mind,
"For Alan must hail thee his bride."

Ah! where were her damsels to sound the alarm?
Ah! where were her pages to shield her from harm?
Ah! what could her anguish allay?
He clasped her, as swooning she sunk on the ground,
His scarf round her slender waist quickly he bound,
And savagely bore her away.

Supine on his shoulder she hung as he fled,
Nor staircase nor gallery echoed his tread,
While eager he panted for breath;

22

London Pub by W

Till far in a cloister, by fathers of old
Devoted to scenes that no eye should behold,
He left her to struggle with death.

'Twas cold and as still as the grave, save a light
Whose glimmer raised horrible forms to the sight,
As senses and life were resumed;
But Adelaide felt no appalling despair,
Her hope and her innocence sheltered her there,
And virtue her prospect illumed.

Thus helpless a vessel is tossed on the main,
When anchor, and sail, and exertions are vain,
No strength with the storm may contend;
But the tempest may cease, and the billows subside,
And the vessel o'er dark foaming breakers may glide,
Or the sands may her safety defend.

What lowly arts, what lofty pride,
The guilty as a shield provide!
And Alan thus essayed,

The helmet, cuirass, greaves unbound,
His tunic and his missal found,
In holy garb arrayed.
With coldest heart, and hand of blood,
With beads and crucifix he stood,
For Adelaide his cares.
The Baron in her flight believed,
The fiction all the bands received,
And joined the Monk at prayers.
'Twas then Sir Ethelbert disarmed
The Monk, who, at his crimes alarmed,
No more on art relied,
Perplexed, and of the Knight afraid,
Resumed his arms, and with the maid,
In flight his safety tried.

Sir Ethelbert's deeds had the sequel explained,
And Heaven had Adelaide's safety ordained!
Let Alan the Monk to these charges reply—
The brave were indignant, the fair heaved a sigh,

2ᵈ

London Pub.ᵈ by W.ᵐ Sams 19 St James's

And rage for a moment scowled fierce on the scene,
At vice so presuming, at manhood so mean;
But softer sensations pervaded each breast,
When Adelaide's cheek was to Ethelbert's pressed.

The sigh that left her gentle heart,
Bade every angry thought depart;
'Twas like the evening air that sweeps
Along the rippling billow,
Ere on the violet bank it sleeps
In peace on Nature's pillow.

The tear that glistened in her eye,
Could teach the stoutest heart to sigh,
'Twas tender as the falling dew
Some purer flower embraces,
To blossom with a sweeter hue,
When morn the shadow chases.

Each angry gust from firmer hearts was driven,
And fairer breasts were soothed by airs of Heaven.

Then hence bear the villain, let conscience reprove
The heart so discordant to virtue and love.
" No! Alan shall scorn a reply to the tale,
" His heart disappointment alone can assail;
" The lion thus chased by a dastardly train,
" Looks back on the rage of his foes with disdain—
" Accursed be the day that makes Gondibert glad—
" May Ethelbert feel all I suffer—be mad!
" And, Adelaide, look on the man you despise,
" Their daggers are edgeless compared with those eyes;
" He who blessed thee with beauty and charm of the soul,
" Implanted the passion I could not control;
" And let me surmount the defeat that I bear;
" For thee thro' a deluge of blood would I dare,
" And ne'er the dull touch of compunction abide;
" But riot in triumphs o'er dotage and pride.
" 'Tis past—nor for hope nor existence I care,
" Rejecting all mercy, I welcome despair;
" Enough in the conflict by efforts unblessed,
" I perish—let what will become of the rest!"

24

Lond[illegible] Pub[illegible] by W[illegible]

W 19

He stood as of motion and reason beguiled,
His hands were clenched firm, and he frightfully smiled,
His brow deeply curved, and his eyes ghastly rolled,
His lips, as they quivered, grew livid and cold,
And he foamed like a wolf-fierce and wild.
The guards for a moment withdrew
He rushed from their view
To the watch-tower's height;
Their blood trickled cold, and they shrunk from the sight,
As down from the turret he flew.
The crags, with disdain, hurled him madly away;
Till mangled, far off in the ravine he lay:
As billows, that rival the blast with their roar,
Subside with the tempest, and sleep on the shore,
They whispered no sound where the tale could excite
A pang, interrupting the theme of delight,
And they thought of the villain no more.

Hark, from lips as rubies bright
Fall the accents of delight—

Themes that to the heart can give
That which makes it bliss to live.
See ! what eyes with radiance shine,
Lit by love of source divine ;
Smiles that teach the soul to know
What is happiness below ;
Blushing blooms, expression's grace,
Mingling on each lovely face ;
While on breasts that rival snow,
Veins in heavenly tinges flow—
Meek within the circling zone
Virtue holds her peaceful throne.
Who so brutal as to dare
Offer ought ungracious there?
Hence, on every side appear,
Charms that love and truth revere,
Forms, like those of angels, seem
Floating on the summer's beam,
Objects of a purer sphere,
Shine as rays of morning clear,

Shedding round the gallant Knights,
Haloes of chivalrous lights,
Till in sweet reflection shone,
Every heart to honour known.

Hushed as eve in calm repose,
When no wandering zephyr blows,
The court remained, while soft and low,
Melodious strains were taught to flow,
And thrilling chords with ecstasy,
Called forth the soul of harmony.
" Pure as the morn's refreshing gale,
" Bright as the splendid arch above,
" Rich as the autumn-tinted vale,
" Is the return of virtuous love."

The harp's lively tone rose in symphonies sweet,
The bravest knight's heart in soft unison beat,
While fairest of bosoms, with gentleness blessed,
Their tender responses of rapture expressed.

While gentle sighs that rose between,
As in enchantment held the scene.

Soft harmonious notes prevailed,
Sweets from blooming flowers exhaled—
Brightly shone the heavenly ray,
And nature hailed the bridal day.

The knightly throng
Slow moved along,
Joined in the heart-felt choral song,
And peals of joy renewed;
The ladies gay
Adorned the way,
With blooming rose, and fragrant may,
And kissed the flowers they strewed.
While the bards with tuneful voice,
Bade the answering strings rejoice.

The banners were waved, and the pennons were raised,
While courage and constancy loudly were praised.

L. of C.

Sir Ethelbert, glowing in honour and truth,
And Adelaide, blushing in beauty and youth,
Were cheered by the court—and the goblets were filled,
While Gondibert's heart with an ecstasy thrilled.
He drank, and the sentiment echoed around,
Till the castle walls rang with the heart-cheering sound.
"Thus ever may courage the lovely defend,
"May the virtuous rise, and the vicious descend!"

THE END.

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